

EL PASO HERALD

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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No. 97 *Testament* Secretary.

Demand Proof Of Circulation

NEWSPAPER advertisers should invariably make sure that they are getting what they pay for. That newspaper whose circulation claims are false and easily proved false upon investigation, is the one that is always maintaining that "circulation figures are the private business of the publisher."

The Herald has nothing to conceal about its circulation because it does not misrepresent.

Circulation is the basis of all legitimate advertising selling. The business man who pays out his money for advertising space and does not satisfy himself absolutely of the circulation of the newspaper he is using, is cheating himself and wronging the honest publisher, because failure to get results from falsified circulation is apt to make the careless advertiser doubt the efficacy of advertising in general.

Make the publisher prove his circulation claims every time.

Texas will ship 2,000,000 turkeys to the eastern markets for Thanksgiving, but El Paso will bring hers in from Kansas in refrigerator cars. El Paso is growing tolerably well, but she will have to hurry to keep up with the rest of the state.

Cotton Culture Worth Trying

YUMA took a long list of first prizes at the Arizona territorial fair. Yuma, by the way, is growing cotton of the finest varieties, that is becoming nationally famous. Cotton under irrigation is a profitable crop, even on a 10c market; the long staple varieties thrive well, and bring rich returns. It would seem as if this border country were exceptionally well situated to grow cotton economically, by reason of the unlimited supply of cheap labor to be derived from the very prolific Mexican population. Cotton culture affords employment for a large number of hands during a comparatively short season, and the women and children of the Mexican laboring class might perhaps be glad to add to the family earnings in this manner.

According to the World's Work, German cities are the best governed in the world. How far apart are the ideas of Germans and Americans on the subject of city government may be seen from reading an advertisement which lately appeared in a number of German papers:

"The place of mayor of Magdeburg is vacant. The salary is 21,000 marks (\$2,250) a year, including the rental of a dwelling in the city hall. Besides his salary the incumbent will receive 4,000 marks (\$1,000) for his official expenses. Candidates should apply before September 15."

Where the Money Comes From

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS Mexican currency, or \$50,000 gold, was bid in Juarez for the fiesta gambling privilege lasting about 20 days in December. Six thousand dollars has already been paid for one month's keno concession. All the money that is paid for these gambling concessions in Juarez—practically every cent of it—will really be contributed by the merchants and wage earners of El Paso.

If the concessionaires can afford to pay \$2500 gold per day for the privilege of operating the gambling games, imagine what the gross receipts of the games must be during the fiestas.

It is probable that from 95 to 98 percent of all the money gambled in Juarez comes from this side of the river. Every dollar of this money is wasted by men and women who cannot afford to lose it, and is diverted from legitimate trade channels in this city.

The merchants and business men of El Paso must keep up a relentless and unremitting fight in self protection against the gambling evil; the surest plan of campaign has already been adopted—that of watching the frequenters of the games in Juarez and reporting their names to the associations of business men, so that credit may be withdrawn and employment terminated in the cases of individuals who thus prove themselves untrustworthy.

The drain of ready cash out of El Paso to gamble in Juarez has been felt during the entire year by almost every line of business in this city. A man connected with the keno games was quoted recently as declaring that the receipts of the games averaged \$10,000 gold per week—and nearly every dollar of it drained out of El Paso.

El Paso cannot prevent the games from running, because they are in a foreign country; but the business men of this city can make it very unprofitable for El Paso patrons of the game in Juarez.

Through passenger service from Seattle to Galveston by way of the Hill roads will be started in the early spring, it is now announced. A palatial train, one of the best on the continent, will open up the new service. This route should become in time an important European carrier for both passengers and freight in either direction. It will be almost equal to a water level road from Galveston clear to the northern passes of the Rockies.

Why Not Feed Here?

CATTLE for the eastern markets are largely finished on the farms of Indiana and Ohio. Steer calves, averaging 400 pounds, are sold at \$18 per head around Quanah, Tex., and shipped to Indiana by the trainload. The farmers gather, and take from 10 to 30 head apiece for feeding.

The thrifty Indiana farmer invariably has large barns and his silos are filled with cattle feed. This Texas stock, which might just as well be finished for the market right in Texas, brings top prices in New York and Buffalo when sent in by the Indiana farmers.

Cattle feeding, and that only, offers the solution for beef shortage and high prices. The cattle business in the southwest still has possibilities of enormous profits if the cattlemen and farmers in this section will take a few lessons from the Hoosiers.

The normal movement of livestock from the Pecos valley is westerly through El Paso to Arizona and Pacific coast points. The only reason Pecos valley stock goes east is because the traffic arrangements between the Pecos valley and the west by way of El Paso are apparently with deliberate purpose made as great an obstacle as possible to the normal course of trade. A shortline railroad between El Paso and the Pecos valley would open up an interchange of immense importance to all parties concerned.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

MARY had a little lamb, its fleece was white as wool, and sundry statesmen held her up, hard by the village school. "Your little lamb," the statesman said, "you soon will have to shear, and then the woolen plutocrats will sew you up, my dear. They have the tariff doctored up in such a beastly way that little maids with wool to sell can get but little pay. They rob consumers on the left, producers on the right; and little girls with little lambs are in a fearful plight. And when your lamb is nice and fat, and fit for butcher's stall, the meat trust reaches forth its claws, and takes it, bleat and all. The meat trust, backed by tariff laws that are the nation's shame, is on the trail of little lambs, and you should dodge its game. Go home, go home, dear little maid, and take your lamb along, and tell your pa to seek the polls, and right a grievous wrong. If he will cast his vote for us, we'll guard your lovely sheep, and never more in all the world shall little maidens weep." Then Mary leaped upon her lamb, and gave a mighty yell, and galloped to the booby hatch, and took a padded cell.

MARY'S LAMB

Copyright, 1910, by George Matthews Adams.

Beatrice Fairfax's "LETTERS OF A BRIDE."

DEAREST MUMSIE—So many things have happened since I last wrote you that I hardly know where to begin, but the most important thing of all is that we are settled in our house, and it's just too lovely for words. I have found two perfect treasures of servants, both Irish. The cook's name is Mary, and if I didn't have you, sweet Mumsie, to confide in, I think I'd choose Mary. She's all the women I've ever seen. She has the sort of mother-love that makes you feel like flinging yourself on her bosom and confiding all your woes and joys.

As for Nora, the waitress, she is so young and so pretty that I know I'll never be able to keep her. Some envious man will snatch her away from me. She has only been in this country six months and her accent is too delicious. Mumsie, I do wish I had paid more attention when you used to want me to learn things about housekeeping. I don't know anything, and if it weren't for Mary, we'd starve to death.

Young Mistake.

I go to market because I think every young housekeeper ought to attend to her marketing, but oh, I do make some silly mistakes. Just think, I couldn't tell a duck from a chicken after the feathers were off.

Oh, I must tell you—yesterday I was in town lunching with Eleanor Peckham at Delmonico's, when who should walk in but Mr. Sinclair. He has been abroad ever since last summer, and he looked so well and good-looking.

I introduced him to Eleanor. I'd love to make a match between those

two. He said he very often motored out on Long Island, so I couldn't very well do anything else but ask him to call if he were in our neighborhood. Men are funny creatures, Mumsie. When I told Bobby about having met Mr. Sinclair he didn't look very pleased. He couldn't be so silly as to be jealous, could he? You know we made up our minds never to be jealous or doubt each other.

Any way, I mean to marry Mr. Sinclair to Eleanor; they are just suited to each other.

Her First Dinner. We are invited to dine at the Dentons on Thursday and, as the dinner is given for us, I'm going to wear my wedding dress.

I'm quite nervous about making my first appearance as a married woman. I hope I don't do anything wrong. It's a dinner of eighteen, so everything will be very smart. The Dentons do things so well.

Mumsie, dear, did I belong to any clubs when you were first married? Of course, I'm not going to mind his going to them; I wouldn't be so narrow, but I just wondered if Dad went to any. Most men do, I suppose.

I must close now, bidding for it's a very late time for Bobby's train, and I always go to meet him.

I go over in the motor and we walk back for the exercise.

Oh, Mumsie, was any girl ever so happy as I am?

With heaps of love for both of you, and tell Dad to write soon again, I love his funny letters. Goodbye. Your happy, happy daughter, Peggy Caton.

The Benefactor

By Stefan Grossman.

ON NEW YEAR'S day, 1910, the American millionaire, Charles M. E. Chugge, published the following advertisement in the New York papers:

"I have decided to send a young man of the people who must have worked at a coal mine for 10 years and at present must still be working there, on a trip around the world at my expense. The trip, which is to be undertaken together with my secretary, goes from New York over Japan, India, through the Red Sea to Europe, long stays on the Riviera, in Italy, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, over the Crimea to Asia Minor, then to Egypt into Africa, along the coast to Capetown. Part of the time is to be devoted to Australia. The trip is to last for three years, and one year's stay is allowed in New York besides to make preparation, learn languages, etc. Coal miners, not less than 30 years of age are entitled to compete on the following conditions:

"1. The man must have been a miner for at least 10 years.

"2. He must be intelligent, quick of perception and of a lively temperament.

"3. He must bind himself to work in a mine for 10 years more after his return.

"References are unnecessary and useless. The choice will be made by six disinterested not by me, but by the foremost editors of the country.

"I have fixed a sum of \$150,000 to be spent on the trip, ensuring the greatest possible comfort.

"I will not see the man personally until after his trip.

(Signed) "Charles M. E. Chugge."

It was all done without the suspicion of fraud. Among the 6000 petitions which were received, not less than 3000 were picked by drawing lots. Fate smiled upon the miner Francis Root of New Orleans, his name being the first taken from the urn.

Root was a bachelor of 32, who looked 40, whose mind was as clear as a crystal, and who had been working in a coal mine for 10 years.

The conditions were read to him by a notary public, who asked him to sign a paper.

"One thing is very important," he said, "you must bind yourself to take up your work in the mine when you return and not live it up for 10 years. If you try to back out, you will be forced to carry out your part of the agreement if necessary by the aid of Pinkerton's."

Francis Root signed the paper.

For a year he lived in New York, learned French, German, Italian; learned to dress well and to move in the best society. He went to the theater, visited the opera, learned to sail, row and swim. He lived in a beautiful cottage on the shore road, a young painter was his companion and taught him to appreciate the beauties of the sea, the setting sun and the green woodlands. He often spent whole days in his little yacht alone with the painter's cousin, a charming young girl, who gave him education the last finishing touches.

On October 14, 1920, Francis Root went on board the great ocean liner, "Victory," accompanied by the young painter, who was to act as his secretary. On the promenade deck they were met by a messenger from Charles M. E. Chugge who handed Root a letter of credit for \$25,000, aside from the amount of the stipulated traveling expenses; this money was to be spent for minor expenses in the great cities from Tokyo to Stockholm.

Words cannot describe how Francis Root enjoyed the next three years. The wonder of Japan, the fairylike splendor of India, the smartness of the Riviera, the calm beauty of the nights on shipboard, his friendship with the painter, the loving letters from the cousin, the pleasures of Paris, the mountain scenery of the northern countries, a night in the desert under the yellow sky, then the long journey

across Siberia's quiet tundras, the barbaric splendor of Krenai at Moscow, a summer night on the Lido at Venice, and a visit to the Pinkertons world, the most beautiful women of Europe. In Rome he knelt before the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, at Nice he saw his gayest carnival in the world, then suddenly he was in Asia Minor, the painter had letters of introduction to prominent people everywhere. He met the greatest poets and the most charming women in all countries. When he again landed in New York on October 14, 1923, the whole thing seemed to him a dream.

He wanted to thank his benefactor, Charles M. E. Chugge, but his friend, the painter, said: "No, you must wait; he will send for you."

Four days later he was back in New Orleans. He returned to his old house and was shocked by its smallness and poverty, its mean, cheerless rooms, his friends were all dead, and he found his rooms with all the treasures he had bought, Persian carpets, Hungarian embroideries, Japanese woodcuts, Chinese silks, Russian samovars, Turkish pipes, butterflies from Brazil, birds from India and hundreds of other curios.

On October 20 he received orders to go to work in his old mine two days later. He remembered the agreement and thought of the Pinkertons who were to force him, and obeyed the order.

On October 22 he was deep under ground working half naked in the black pit, the perspiration covering his whole body, all alone, his miner's lamp faintly illuminating the darkness. And here he must work 11 hours every day.

The third day they sent for him. Charles M. E. Chugge was waiting for him in the directors' room. Did he want to change his clothes? No, he wanted the better. Mr. Chugge would rather see him in his working clothes. Only a small souvenir Francis Root would like to fetch from his house.

It would take only a moment.

Francis Root went to his room. He saw his benefactor, Charles M. E. Chugge for the first time. He was an indolent, pale, fat man, lying in a big easy chair. His face looked sleepy. He raised his fat hand almost imperceptibly as a greeting.

"Sit down, Mr. Root, and tell me how you feel."

"Thank you, I prefer to stand. Do you wish a detailed report?"

The fat face smiled. "No, no! I only want you to tell me how you feel now."

On his way home Francis Root began to suspect that the millionaire did not care to hear about his trip, and for that reason he had slipped a revolver into his pocket. But to be quite sure he asked once more:

"Shall I tell you about India, about the starlit flights of the north, of our tiger hunts in Bengal?"

The stout fat face smiled more widely, then before pointing a fat finger at him the millionaire answered: "No, sir, none of that! I just want to hear how you feel when you are below in the dark pit, where you are to spend the next 10 years of your life."

It was quiet in the room.

Francis Root's hand sought his pocket in which he had the souvenir, whipped out a revolver and shot his benefactor through three shots. One bullet crashed into his brain, the other two lodged in his fat abdomen.

When he told the jury about his trip around the world and his talk with his benefactor he was acquitted on the spot.

SAME IN EL PASO.

From Bisbee (ARIZ.) Review. If any store in Bisbee sells Bibles unacknowledged, the fact and name of the store would be genuine news to many people.

A daily short story every day in The Herald; also the serial.

PEN AND PENCIL MAKING IS A GROWING INDUSTRY

Popularity of the Typewriter Has Not Lessened Demand for Writing Sticks.

FEW of the minor industries of the United States possess more interesting features than that of supplying the nation with its pens and pencils. It is estimated that it takes nearly 10,000 gross of pencils and as many more pens to supply the demands of American writers. Even the constantly growing popularity of the typewriter has not seriously checked the demand for pens. A modern pen factory in reality a number of factories in one. There must be a shop for making the delicate and accurate machinery, as there are too few pen factories to justify the manufacture of the machines as an independent business. The pen shop itself is filled with machinery and girls, most of the operations being performed by the latter.

Only the best metal is used in the making of the modern steel pen. It is cut into strips as wide as the length of two pens. After being carefully annealed, it is put through a cold steel roller where it is rolled down to a thickness which must not vary the thousandth part of an inch, for even the most minute variation makes a difference in the flexibility of the pen. The average manufacturer seeks to give his customers continue the use of a given kind of pen throughout many years, and therefore aims to have every pen turned out to be as good as the first, and writing qualities to the ones previously sold.

Making the Pen. After each strip has been properly rolled it is put through a punching machine operated by a girl. Here the blanks are cut from the strip. The blanks are then stamped with the desired inscriptions by a heavy hitting stamp, also operated by a girl. Formerly there was danger of fingers being mashed by the stampers, but the machine-makers have now equipped them with a "finger pusher," which pushes the girl's hand away as the stamping hammer descends.

The next process is that of cutting the little eyes which hold the ink. Then each pen is examined, softened by another annealing process, pressed into shape by specially constructed machines, hardened, and then tempered. They are next placed into a hollow cylinder under with sand and rapidly revolved, thus being scoured to the necessary brightness. The next process is to grind the points, after which the pens are passed through a shearing machine which cuts the pen to the central slit to the point. Great accuracy is required in this operation, as it is absolutely necessary that the slit should be in the exact middle of the point. The points are then carefully rounded, and the pens are passed to expert girls to place them on a white stone to see that they are of the exact proportions as the models.

The Final Test.

Before the pens are finally turned into the stock room, samples are taken at random and placed in specially constructed machines, which automatically test their elasticity and non-scratching qualities. Last there should at any time be a change in the qualities of the pens, the complete stock of standard pens is maintained, and each pen turned out must possess identically the same qualities as these standards. It requires some twenty operations to manufacture a steel pen from a strip of metal. The principal factories of the world are located in England, although the industry is growing rapidly in the United States and Germany.

Making Gold Pens.

In the manufacture of gold pens, bars of the finest gold are used with iridium, the hardest of metals. Iridium comes in heavy black oxide bottles and is worth \$1500 a pound, being produced mainly in the Ural mountain region. The gold bars are first rolled into strips and put into the punching machines. The blanks from which the pens are made are then a little recessed at the end of the point. The operator takes a tiny speck of iridium from his bottle, places it on a fine brush which has been dipped in liquid borax, and puts it on the point of the pen. He then takes a jeweler's magnifying glass to enable him to place the iridium exactly right. He next holds the pen to a blow-pipe fire and melts the gold of the point sufficiently to weld the iridium into it, just as a jeweler might set a stone in a gold mounting. This operation is a very delicate one, since the slightest excess of exposure to the heat would ruin the whole pen. The

pen is then placed in a solution of gold to finish the point.

Of course such a marriage almost invariably turns out a failure, because, as we are unfortunately constituted, we are more stomach than heart, and only in poetry and novels can one feed upon romance.

In real life the possession of the most intense devotion to another does not prevent us from getting cold and hungry, and desiring to keep up with the fashions.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1906.

Mrs. Belle Schutz has returned from Albuquerque.

Judge Allen Blacker has gone east for a short time on business.

Billy Wilson went to San Antonio this afternoon for a week's absence.

F. S. Earle has gone to Hermosillo, J. C. Pearce has been visiting in Nogales.

Three tramps tried to cut their way into I. M. Lawrence's apartments the other night but were unsuccessful.

The Dallas Shriners will be here next month with their extensive and costly paraphernalia to institute in El Paso a temple of the Mystic Shrine.

Manager Huber, of the Mexican Ore company, has resigned his job and will return to Switzerland. President Myer will attend to the duties of the office.

Conductors Donohoe and McHugh, who formerly ran between El Paso and Silver City, are now running between Rincon, Lake City and Silver City.

The Corralitos Railway company has track laid now two miles south of the yards, and as all the material needed is on hand, work will go on right along.

Waters Davis, T. A. Falvey, John Beland, John Steffan and Mitchell have returned from Souza, whence they brought back 200 ducks and six geese, so Alf Hampton says.

The Republican demonstration was a marked event in local political history, for the town was painted in red fire and metaphorical red paint for over several hours.

The Ministers' union met this morning and decided to hold Thanksgiving services in the Presbyterian church, with Rev. J. T. French of Trinity to preach the sermon.

The schools reopened this morning after a 10 days' suspension with a good attendance. Those who have received honor grades are: M. Almsa, E. Shelton, C. Angus, W. Lamely, Louis Hubbard, 90 percent; M. Martin, A. Jones, Josephine Clardy and S. Wolf, 91; M. Kiefer, 92.

By Frederic J. Haskin

Abe Martin



If a feller screwed up his face when he asks for credit like he does when he's asked 't' settle he wouldn't get it. No buddy but a lawyer ever waits for both sides of a story.

It could be used in pencils without any change other than to glue it between strips of wood. A century or more later the industry got its best footing in Germany, which to this day leads the world in the production of pencils. About a half century ago American manufacturers took up the business, and today they are among the world's heaviest producers. The leads of pencils are made of graphite and clay. The average person is familiar with graphite in the form of store blacking and bicycle lubricants. The present supply of this product, which is really the diamond in another form, comes from Mexico, eastern Siberia, Bohemia and Ceylon. The more clay used in combination with the graphite, the harder will be the lead.

In the manufacture of the lead pencil the graphite is first treated by a number of processes, then mixed with the

(Continued on Next Page.)

Dorothy Dix On Realities Instead Of Ideals

PROBABLY the only way to solve the problem of how to make happiness in matrimony a dead sure thing, instead of the hundred-to-one shot that it is now, is to bring the question of marriage down out of the clouds and put it on a practical basis. In reality, marriage is, primarily, a business proposition that involves issues of the most material sort. When a man marries he goes into a partnership that he swears he never will break. He must either turn up his heels or ill. He assumes obligations that he can never honorably repudiate. He takes upon himself the burden of supporting an indefinite number of people.

When a woman marries, she settles her fate so far as this world's goods and chattels are concerned, because she cuts herself off equally from what she might earn herself if she had stayed single, and from marrying some other man who might provide for her better than the one she has chosen.

Marriage means all of this financially to both men and women, and yet we ignore this business side of it, and persist in regarding it from the sentimental standpoint.

If a callow young couple think they are in love they rush into matrimony, even though they haven't a penny to bless themselves with, and people who are wise enough on other subjects applaud them and pat them on the back for doing it, instead of having them committed to the nearest lunatic asylum.

Stomach Best Reason. Of course such a marriage almost invariably turns out a failure, because, as we are unfortunately constituted, we are more stomach than heart, and only in poetry and novels can one feed upon romance.

In real life the possession of the most intense devotion to another does not prevent us from getting cold and hungry, and desiring to keep up with the fashions.

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